

A Christmas Ad.

(Original.)

Ned Bucklin's parents, desiring to influence their son for what they deemed his good, desired that instead of following in their footsteps as farmers he should go to college and study a profession. But Ned had become involved with Alma Blodgett, a farmer's daughter, and although she urged him to act upon his father's and mother's advice he insisted on an immediate marriage, which was equivalent to remaining on the farm. This set his parents to trying to break up the match, and, failing to do so, they continued to work with a view to a separation of the young married couple till they secured the result they desired.

Five years after the separation Ned's parents were both dead. Ned now realized that a great mistake had been made. He had divorced his wife at their instigation, and they had gone to their long home leaving him in his loneliness. Alma had only consented to a divorce on condition that she keep the children, a boy and a girl. She was a plucky woman and supported herself and them. Her husband's father to secure the divorce had settled a few thousand dollars on her, which by thrift and good investments she increased. But no sooner had the separation taken place than, taking her children, she left the location where she had been made unhappy and gave no inkling as to where she was going.

Soon after the death of his parents Ned began to search for his wife and children. He hunted six years without success. Then, hearing of the advantages of farming on the lands wrested from the great American desert in Dakota, he sold his farm, went there, bought land and began once more under new conditions. But neighbors were few and far between, and the man was lonely. During the days he was occupied, but on summer evenings the chirp of insects sounded loud and melancholy, while the winds in winter howled about his shack and made him desolate. At last he could stand it no longer. He advertised for a wife, in his ad. giving a brief summary of the conditions of his marriage and divorce.

Among the replies he received was one signed "Widow" that struck him more forcibly than any of the rest, though he had little confidence in any of them. "Widow" wrote from a point not far distant. She had come to Dakota to farm with her three children. The only difficulty she labored under was that she was a woman. A man was needed on the premises. She would either sell her farm to unite with a good practical man, or if it appeared to be more expedient the man could sell out and join her.

Bucklin was rather pleased with the tone of the letter, though the handwriting indicated an uneducated person. It was some time before he made any reply, for he could not bear to give up all hope of finding his wife and children. When his crops were in and Christmas was approaching he wrote for particulars which would enable him to visit the widow. She replied that he would find her in a certain township midway between two settlements, and since her shack was the only one within five miles he would not be likely to miss it. She suggested that if he could come at Christmas she would have more time to make his acquaintance, since she had planned her work to have a few days at that time comparatively free. She also asked that if he lived near a town he would bring a few things for the children for Christmas, inclosing a list of what she wished and a post-office order to cover the expenditure. Bucklin wrote that he would visit her the day before Christmas, but returned the postoffice order.

After writing the letter he fell to thinking that he was about to go on a fool's errand. He had deceived the widow, old and ugly. She had admitted that she was middle aged, which with a woman he thought would mean at least fifty. Then the children would be an objection. The sight of them would continually remind him of his own little boy and girl, who must be now something like fourteen and twelve years old respectively, and he would hate these youngsters, in whom he had no interest. He wrote the widow frankly the story of his marriage and divorce, admitting that, although he was desperately lonely, he could never be happy except with his own wife and children.

Christmas came. It was a crisp morning. Bucklin was awakened by a ray of sunlight shooting through a crack. The first thought that struck him was that somewhere his boy and girl were dancing over their gifts. He gave a groan, turned over and after awhile sank into another slumber.

He was awakened by the sound of sleighbells and voices. Then there came a rap at the door. "Hold on till I get on some clothes." When dressed he opened the door, and there stood the widow and her three children. Bucklin caught at his doorstep. The woman was his divorced wife.

The word "merry" applied to Christmas is not strong enough to describe that holiday. The widow had suspected from the wording of the advertisement who the advertiser was, had recognized her former husband's handwriting and to conceal her identity had replied through her daughter. The father saw for the first time his third child—a son—who had been born after the separation of his parents.

The Christmas festivities ended with a wedding between the divorced couple, though it involved a long ride for a parson. The wife sold her farm, thus giving her husband needed means to enlarge his own.

ELLEN WINSTON.

Prenuptial Understanding.

"And so, young man, you wish to marry my daughter?"

"Yes, sir. We love each other, and—"

"Of course. But are you sure that you can give her the alimony to which she has been accustomed?"—Cleveland Leader.

TOWNSHOT UPBY NIGHT RIDERS

Citizens of Hopkinsville, Ky., Paralyzed by Sudden Raid

OF A BIG MOB OF GROWERS

\$300,000 Worth of Property Destroyed
—Rage Vented Against the Warehouses of the Independent Purchasers.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Dec. 9.—Shortly before two o'clock Saturday morning, 500 armed and masked night riders marched without any warning into this city and before an alarm could be sounded had captured the police department, fire department, both the telephone exchanges, the night operators at the two railroad offices and every citizen who was bold enough to venture outside of his home, burned three tobacco warehouses, shot one man, probably fatally, whipped another man, shot holes through residences and business houses promiscuously and made their escape from the city without losing a man.

The night riders rode to within two miles of town from the direction of Trigg county, hitched their horses and entered the town via the Illinois Central railroad tracks, thus avoiding any chance of being seen by residents of the suburban sections. So well planned and executed was the entire proceedings that the authorities or citizens never had a chance to offer resistance.

Property valued at over \$200,000 was destroyed, while citizens, in terror of their lives, feared even to open their windows. The city was in possession of a wild mob, shooting right and left, flames from burning buildings meanwhile lighting up the surrounding country until it seemed that the whole town was ablaze.

Windows in the front of business houses and banks on the main street of the city were shot out, and the entire front of one newspaper which had been especially severe in its condemnations of the raids of the "night riders," and which was owned by Mayor Meacham, was demolished.

Lindsay Mitchell, a tobacco buyer, was severely beaten with switches and clubs, and J. C. Feltz, a brickman, was shot in the back while trying to move his train from the path of the flames.

The raid caught the city unawares, as for some time the depredations resulting from the tobacco war had been of a minor nature, and it was generally thought that in the "dark district," at least, the worst was over.

The property destroyed was as follows: W. H. Tandy, independent tobacco warehouse building, owned by J. H. Latham; B. M. Woolridge, association warehouse; Tandy & Farleigh, buyers' warehouse.

In addition the entire glass front of the Hopkinsville Kentuckian (Mayor Meacham's paper) was destroyed, while the windows of the Commercial Banking and Savings company, the First National, the Painters' Trust company, and the Bank of Hopkinsville were punctured with bullets. Various other business houses and residences bear the marks of bullets.

As soon as the "night raiders" left town a posse of about fifteen, headed by Major Bassett, of the local militia, and Deputy Sheriff Craven, entered buggies and followed the trail. As soon as the posse could get near enough they opened fire on the fleeing mob, who returned the shots, but no one was hurt. The posse was soon outdistanced by the mounted men, and after following the marauders past Gracey the posse returned.

Just why no damage was done by the "night raiders" to the Imperial or the American Snuff company warehouses is not known. They probably contained more stock than any other house. Some of the best known plantation owners of the vicinity were conspicuous in one marauding party.

CONVERTS 230 UNDER GUISE OF A GARDENER
Pastor of Fashionable Pittsburg Church Induces Reform School Inmates to Become Religious.

Pittsburg, Dec. 9.—Working under the guise of a gardener, the Rev. J. W. McKay, the pastor of the fashionable Cumberland Presbyterian church, has effected the conversion of 230 of the 400 inmates of the state reform school at Morgantown.

While he worked about the institution he talked with the inmates, whose ages range from ten to twenty years, and gradually got them interested in religion. If the children wanted to sing popular songs instead of hymns at the meetings, they were allowed to do so. If they preferred a story to a sermon, they got it.

Dr. McKay abandoned his pastorate for a time to take up the mission, after an appeal from the superintendent of the reform school, who held that religion could be used, but not forced, into the inmates' heads. All of the converts have joined churches.

Reality.
Often I am dreaming,
Dreaming of prosperity,
Rosy fancies teeming,
Seem each one a verity,
But by some fatal fall,
As my joys I sup,
Here comes Stern Reality:
"Hey! Wake up!"

Often I am dreaming,
Life is not laborious;
All is pleasant seeming,
Bright and glad and glorious,
Then, without formality,
Dashing pleasure's cup,
Here comes Stern Reality:
"Hey! Wake up!"

—Chicago News.

YOUNG ROOT WEDS OLD COLLEGE LOVE.

Takes as His Bride Daughter of President Stryker, of Hamilton College.

Utica, N. Y., Dec. 9.—A romance of college days reached its culmination Saturday in the marriage of Elihu Root, jr., son of the secretary of state, to Miss Alida Livingston Stryker, eldest daughter of President M. W. Stryker of Hamilton college. The ceremony took place in the elaborately decorated Colonial home of the Strykers on Campus hill, at Clinton. Secretary Root, Mrs. Root and Lieut. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, the latter a sister of the bridegroom, who became a bride only a few days ago, were among the guests. The bride's father officiated.

The bride was gown in white satin and lace. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Edward Wales Root, and the bride by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Woolsey Stryker. A wedding breakfast followed, attended by 100 guests.

Mr. Root graduated from Hamilton in 1903 and from Howard Law school in 1906. The summer home of the Roots is near the Stryker mansion, and young Root and his bride have known each other since childhood. Sue is a blond.

HERE AND THERE.

Wider Girdles Worn—The Empire Touch in Dressy Wraps.

With the smaller waist lines secured by the new effect in corsets wider girdles promise to be exceedingly popular this winter. Often these are old-fashioned. Rash ends pendulum from girdles or extensions of sash folds on the bodice are some of the ways they are used on evening frocks.

Nearly all the dressy coats have empire touches. Their waists, at the least, are pretty sure to be elevated above the natural waist line.

Two distinctive features may be noted about sleeves. They have much



THE FASHIONABLE VIOLET—5679, 5587.

note fullness at the top, some of them even being laid in deep plaits, and they are very ornate.

The prettiest things in the belt line are wide, straight ones of velvet ribbon. One of crimson silk velvet has a circular dull gold buckle at front and back, while a royal blue velvet is finished with two great disks of tinted mother of pearl. Lovely also are the soft gray belts of embossed silk belting fastened with buckles of gray French silver.

Some of the new fall hats show wings of exaggerated length, which prove the milliner's skill to outlive even nature in the length of certain wings. The feathers are mounted on woolen or felt, sometimes heavy canvas, and they are colored to match every hat one sees.

Verily, purple in all its variations and shades has taken the world of dress by storm. Here is really a lovely gown in violet marquisette. Velvet trims this frock, which is worn with a chemise of embroidered net in an ecru tone.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Eat for contentment.
Eat for good nature.
Both are the result of physical health.
The most nutritious food made from flour is

Uneeda Biscuit

Every bite a mouthful of energy.

5¢ In dust and moisture proof packages.
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Christmas in Old Virginia.

"Christmas was the great event of the whole year to the slaves throughout the South, and in Virginia, during the days of slavery, the colored people used to begin getting ready for Christmas weeks beforehand.

"There were a number of festivities which led up to Christmas and prepared for it. One of them was the corn-shucking. No one who has not actually experienced an old-fashioned corn-shucking in Virginia can understand exactly what I mean.

"When all were assembled around the pile of corn, some one individual, who had already gained a reputation as a leader in singing, would climb on top of the mound and begin at once, in clear, loud tones, a solo—a song of the corn-shucking season—a kind of singing which I am sorry to say has very largely passed from memory and practice. Such singing I have never heard on any other occasion. There was something wild and weird about that music, such as will never again be heard in America."—Booker T. Washington, in December Suburban Life.

The Specter of Famine.

To-day, when the human race is groaning under the yearly ravages of ten bushels a family, we can hardly believe that until recently the main object of all nations was to get bread; that life consisted in a search for food. Yet, out the kings and their retinues out of history and it is no exaggeration to say that the human race was hungry for ten thousand years. Even of the Black Bread, burnt and dirty and coarse, there was not enough; and the few who were well fed took the food from the mouths of slaves. Even the nations that produced Galileo and Laplace and Newton were hunted by the ghost of Hunger. Marie England was famine-swept in 1315, 1321, 1329, 1438, 1482, 1527, 1630, 1661, and 1709. To have enough to eat was to the masses of all nations a dream a millennium of prosperity.

This long Age of Hunger outlived the great nations of antiquity. Why? Because they were not the problem of progress in the wrong way.

If Marcus Aurelius had invented the reaper, or if the Gracchi had been inventors instead of politicians, the story of Rome would have had a happier ending. But Rome said—The first thing is empire. Egypt said—The first thing is genius. Greece said—The first thing is art. Not one of them said—The first thing is bread.—Robert N. Casson, in the December Everybody's.

141 ACTORS ARRESTED.

Kansas City a Bad Place for the Profession.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 9.—Drastic measures were taken here Saturday to enforce the Sunday closing law, as a result of the campaign recently begun by Judge William H. Wallace of the criminal court.

The grand jury indicted 228 traveling actors and actresses, and employees of local theatres, charged with violating the Missouri law forbidding labor on Sunday.

Of this number 141 were arrested and gave bond for \$200,000, while the others evaded the officers and left the city without being apprehended.

Many of the actors went directly from the matinee performances to the court house, and had not had opportunity to remove the paint from their faces.

Ostrich Eggs.

Ostrich eggs weigh about three and a half pounds each. They are sometimes eaten in Africa.

Warts.

Late experiments have suggested that warts are due either to an ultra-microscopic germ or a soluble blood. Healthy tissue inoculated with blood from a wart has developed a growth of new warts. No cultures have been obtained.

Appropriate.

Seedy Gentleman (to butcher)—You say you have cuts to suit all purposes. What sort of a cut have you for an empty purse? Butcher (driving him out)—The cold shoulder, to be sure.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

Redingotes Lead in Modish Coats. Shirt Waist Trimming.

Long coats on the redingote order are to be fashionable this winter, and a long story could be written about their beauty. It is the only garment that is becoming to every one, and there are women who consider it indispensable to every costume. Not a few of the long coats are cut in mandarin fashion. They are the same



CASHMERE SCHOOL FROCK—5779.

back and front and very loose, fitted out with wide sleeves. The most useful of the coats are those cut upon the order. They are full back and front, and the neck is circular. The sleeves are short and wide.

Hats with wreaths of white or shaded purple and mauve velvet and taffeta convolvuli are much to the fore, while hats loosely draped with chiffon or painted gauze scarfs are very prominent.

The deep flounce is a feature of many of the new gowns. It is a rather full flounce, and one very pretty skirt is trimmed around the foot with a wide flounce which gradually grows narrow toward the front. The entire top of the flounce is laid in side plaits; another flounce is laid in side plaits.

The school frock illustrated is most attractive, and cashmere, a favorite material of the winter, is the fabric in which it is carried out. Braid is the trimming used.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

The Ants of the Himalayas.

In the Himalayas, on the side facing India, the limit of perpetual snow is about 6,500 feet higher than in the Alps. One result of this is that various forms of life are found in the great Asian mountains at an elevation which seems extraordinary. Among these are many species of ants. Up to nearly 10,000 feet the ants are very abundant, and even at the elevation of 12,000 feet four species have been found, and it is believed that more careful investigation would show that they exist even at 13,000 feet or more. A unique fact not found in any other great mountain range is that the Himalayas possess an immense variety of local species of ants. Out of 115 forms recognized in the Himalayas fifty are peculiar to those mountains.—Youth's Companion.

Evolution.

The idea of evolution—that is to say, of the origin of existing species from pre-existing ones as against the doctrine of the special creation of each species—is as old as the fourth century B. C., when it was advanced by the Greeks.

With Father.

Nurse—Come indoors at once, Master Richard, and be a good boy. You won't go to heaven if you're so naughty. Master Richard—I don't want to go to heaven. I want to go with father!—London Sketch.

TAFT'S MOTHER IS DEAD

Passed Away Early Yesterday Morning

SON HASTENING HOME

From His Tour Around the World to Be at Her Bedside—He Is Now En Route, on the Sea.

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 9.—Mrs. Louisa M. Taft, mother of Secretary of War Taft, died at 12:20 yesterday morning. She had been ill for many months.

Secretary Taft is now on the sea on his tour of the world, and is reported to be hastening home as a result of his mother's serious condition when he last heard from her bedside.

Mrs. Taft was born in Boston, Sept. 11, 1827, the daughter of Samuel Davenport and Susan Waters Torrey, whose ancestors were of the oldest New England stock. Mr. Torrey was successful in carrying on West India trade from Boston, and upon retirement from business he came to Millbury to live. Mrs. Taft was then a child.

Building a large home and purchasing extensive estates the retired merchant lived here until his death. His daughter was educated in the public schools and the Millbury academy, and afterward became the second wife of Alfonso Taft of Cincinnati, O., going directly to live with him in that city, and through her husband's rise to important judicial, executive and diplomatic offices, Mrs. Taft was for many years in the public eye. She was, like her most distinguished son, very fond of traveling and went with her husband upon his appointment as minister to Austria and Russia. In St. Petersburg his health failed him and he returned to America, where he died in San Diego, Cal., six years ago.

After her husband's death Mrs. Taft made her home in Cincinnati for three years, and then returned to live with her sister, Miss Della Torrey, in the old home. The sisters passed the last two winters in New York, and when Miss Torrey returned here this spring Mrs. Taft crossed the continent to visit her only daughter in Los Angeles. Some time after her return here this summer she was taken ill.

The devotion of Secretary Taft to his mother has many times been commented upon as remarkable. She has proved the inspiration of his life and has watched him rise from a humble lawyer to his present position with a great deal of pride and satisfaction. In an interview given out before her illness she declared that she would rather see her son upon the supreme bench of the United States than in the presidential chair.

In giving her reasons for this preference Mrs. Taft said that she considered her son better fitted for the judicial position than for the executive position, and at that time smilingly remarked that she perhaps knew her son better than most mothers.

"To be president is a dreadful responsibility and a very trying position," she said recently in an interview. "He has not sought to be a candidate for it. It has been thrust upon him. I know that he himself does not want it, that his views are the same as mine."

Mrs. Taft was a tall, graceful matron, a woman of the old school with whom traces of early beauty remained until her death.

Mrs. Taft is survived by four children, of whom Secretary Taft is the eldest. The two other sons are Henry W. Taft of the New York law firm of Strong & Cadwallader, and Horace D. Taft, founder and head of the Taft school for boys at Watertown, Conn. The daughter, Fanny L., is the wife of Dr. William A. Edwards of Los Angeles. Besides Miss Torrey, Mrs. Taft's sister, the only near relative is former Congressman Charles E. Taft, who is now editor of the Cincinnati Times-Star, a stepson of Mrs. Taft.

Taft on Way Home.

Cunhaven, Dec. 9.—Secretary of War Taft is on his way home for home, and within ten days he will be at his desk in the War Department, with his globe-girdling trip, so important to American interests in the Orient, behind him. News of his mother's death was received after he sailed, but he will probably be notified by wireless.

Merely Preparatory.

"I don't mind telling you," said the pretty girl confidentially, "that I want to take a thorough course in cooking in order to fit myself to be a good wife."

"You are doing the right thing, my dear," said the matron in charge of the cooking school. "May I ask how soon you expect to be married?"

"How should I know?" rejoined the pretty girl, daintily rolling up her sleeves. "I haven't found the man yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Too Bright.

"Didn't you win anything in your suit for damages?"

"No."

"Why didn't you engage a bright lawyer to take your part?"

"I did, but he took my all."—Philadelphia Press.

An Honest Reply.

"Could you assist me, sir?" said the beggar to a solidly looking citizen. "I'm an ex-army man."

"Discharged?" inquired the citizen.

"Oh, no, sir," replied the beggar vigorously. "I quit."—Lippincott's.

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THE SCRAP BOOK

A Phenomenon.
A negro preacher changed to make use in the course of his sermon of the word "phenomenon." At the close of the meeting one of his congregation asked the meaning of the word. The preacher put him off until the following Sunday, when he thus explained: "If you see a cow, that's not a 'phenomenon.' If you see a fiddle, that's not a 'phenomenon.' And if you see a bird that sings, that's not a 'phenomenon' either. But if you see a cow sitting on a fiddle and singing like a bird, then that's a 'phenomenon.'"

TO YOUNG MEN.
Be firm! One constant element in luck is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck. See you tall shaft. It felt the earthquake's thrill, Clung to its base and greets the sunrise still.

Stick to your aim. The mangrel's hold will slip. But only crowsbars loose the bulldog's grip. Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

Yet in opinions lock not always back. The wack is nothing—mind the coming track. Leave what you've done for what you have to do. Don't be "consistent," but be simply true. —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

An Easy One.

A teacher was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, he said, "Now, boys, if I stood on my head the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face."

"Then why is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position the blood doesn't run into my feet?"

"A little fellow shouted, 'Cause yer feet ain't empty.'"

It's All in the Seasoning.

Orville and Wilbur Wright, inventors of the flying machine, live in Dayton, O., where they conduct a bicycle factory. An aged Irishman, a faithful employee of theirs for a number of years, was absent on account of illness. Orville Wright, a basket on his arm, visited the sick man and left with him some dainties, including beef tea.

In a week or two the Irishman was back at work. Seeing him at his post, Mr. Wright asked him how he liked his beef tea.

"Shure, not a bit," said the old man bluntly.

"Why, beef tea is delicious if you heat it and add a little salt and pepper."

"Well, sor, it may be good that way," said John, "but I put milk and sugar to it."

His Fighting List.

Mike sat busily engaged in copying the names of the male population of the immediate vicinity. His good wife, noting the apparent industry of her lord, asked what he was doing.

"Begorra, an' it's wrotin' the names of the mink phwat Oi kin lick, so Oi am!" he explained.

A few minutes later the woman put on her shawl and went to Pat O'Leary's humble home, where she informed Pat that she saw his name was on the list.

Without waiting to don his coat, O'Leary sallied forth in search of Mike, who was found still engaged at the list.

"Molke," said Pat in a tone that sounded like the thunders of heaven, "they say as how yez air makin' a list of the fellows yez kin lick an' thot me name's on it."

"An' so 'tis," retorted Mike.

"But, rist yer sowl," exclaimed Pat, shaking his fist close to Mike's proboscis, "yez can't do it!"

"Thin Oi'll scratch yer name off," said Mike feebly, and he continued adding to the list.

Not Frightened by the Warning.

"If such a thing occurs again, Maria, I shall have to get another servant," said the lady.

"I wish you would, madam; there's quite enough work for two of us," was the reply.

How to Teach Sister to Swim.

F. Hopkinson Smith, painter, author, engineer and professional optimist, says he overheard a conversation between two Boston youngsters selling newspapers.

"Say, Harry, wot's de best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one.

"Dat's a cinch. First off you puts your left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand!"

"Come off; she's me sister."

"Aw, push her off de dock."

Evidently His Mother Raised Chickens.

The teacher recited to her pupils "The Landing of the Pilgrims," after which she requested each one to draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth rock. One little fellow hesitated and at length raised his hand. "Well, Willie, what is it?"

"Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

Met His Match.

When Alexis Caswell was president of Brown university a student named Beterly called on him. After conversing a moment upon the object of his visit the president asked him his name and upon being told said jovially, "Your name would be better without the last syllable, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," replied the student, with a laugh, "and wouldn't yours be as well without the C?"